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THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

The Theosophical Movement, the Brotherhood of Humanity, the Study of Occult Science and Philosophy, and Aryan Literature.

FOUNDED IN 1886 UNDER THE TITLE OF "THE PATH," BY

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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E. T. HARGROVE, Editor.

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He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.—*Luke*, ch. xvi, v. 10.

THEOSOPHY.

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 6.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an Official Document.

Where any article or statement has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned the Editor will be accountable.

THE SCREEN OF TIME.

IT would be difficult to adequately describe the ever-increasing success of the American Crusade of Theosophists around the world. Every town visited seems to add something to the total force of the movement. Naturally enough there has been some opposition to overcome or to ignore, as the occasion required; but this has been easily done.

A word or two as to this opposition: it has all come from certain people who formerly persecuted Mr. W. Q. Judge and who belong to the same type as those who attacked Mme. H. P. Blavatsky at an earlier date. These people claim to be Theosophists, but their actions certainly belie the claim. Their leader, whose work in the world has always been destructive, attempted to destroy the result of Mr. Judge's labors in America, but failed ignominously. That attempt was due in the first place to the influence of modern Hindu thought, but was also inspired by more personal motives, to which further reference is not now necessary. But the attack upon Mr. Judge was really an attack upon Theosophy and upon its basic teaching of Brotherhood.

It was consequently not a matter for great surprise when the Crusaders were greeted shortly after their arrival in London by a hostile letter, signed by the leader of Mr. Judge's persecutors, together with others who

took minor parts in the campaign against him. This letter was sent to all the London newspapers, and was inserted by one or two. It repudiated the Crusade, discountenanced its work and stated that its members did not belong to the organization (whose headquarters are at Adyar) represented by those who signed the letter. The Crusaders endorsed this letter—especially the last clause—at the numerous public meetings held throughout England.

Following this came another illustration of "brotherhood" as exemplified by the same people. The English division of the Theosophical Society in Europe held its annual meeting in May last and those who took part in it directed that a letter of greeting and fraternal good-will be sent to the annual Convention of the European Section of the Adyar Society, which was held in July. This was done, and as soon as the letter was read, the Chairman of the Convention and President of the Adyar Society, ruled all discussion of or reply to the letter "out of order." Friendly overtures were thus made and rejected, and in addition a direct act of hostility was indulged in.

The climax was reached in an article which appeared in a London quarterly review. It contained a vicious attack—too evidently inspired by jealousy and defeated ambition—upon Mrs. K. A. Tingley, the leader of the Crusade, and Outer Head of the E. S. T. This attack was not signed, but behind the shield of an admirer the same destroying hand was visible, and naturally the attack contained various false statements. It was also humorous in one important respect. Its main point lay in the supposition that Mrs. Tingley had claimed to be the reincarnation of H. P. B , which is not true. On the contrary, Mrs. Tingley has frequently stated that in her opinion H. P. B. has *not* reincarnated. Why publish such a vicious fabrication?

Much is made by the writer of a supposed solemn declaration by Madame Blavatsky "to all her disciples" that "in her next reincarnation she would inhabit the body of an Eastern man." Mrs. Vera Johnston, H. P. B.'s niece, Claude Falls Wright, James M. Pryse and other close friends of the "old lady's," have a different version of this story. They say that H. P. B. was asked by one of her disciples where she would reincarnate, and promptly replied: "Reincarnate? Why, of course, in the body of some nice young imbecile Hindu!" And she would frequently repeat the joke, asserting that she would be reborn as a Hindu—with only one lobe to his brain, and if he should have two he would be imbecile all the same. This joke is now paraded as a most serious argument against a claim which has never been made!

Other false statements appear in the same article, or series of articles, but they are transparently absurd and do not require refutation. In passing, however, it may be as well to state that for anyone to call Mrs.

Tingley "a medium" is to show either a complete ignorance of occultism, or a complete ignorance of Mrs. Tingley. In either case there is less than no title to pass judgment.

Now for a few definite and positive statements. The success of the last Convention held in New York and the success of the Crusade has been very largely due to Mrs. Tingley's energy, good judgment and self-sacrifice. Every one of H. P. B.'s immediate pupils who have so far met Mrs. Tingley unhesitatingly state that the similarity between H. P. B.'s and Mrs. Tingley's methods is extraordinary and that the results now obtained if anything surpass those formerly achieved by their old teacher, perhaps owing to the wider opportunity offered at the present time. They recognize the same force, the same inspiration, the same wonderful effects. Such old students as Mrs. Alice Cleather, Drs. Archibald Keightley and Herbert A. W. Coryn, James M. Pryse, Claude Falls Wright and others come under this category, all of whom, owing to continuous personal contact with Mrs. Tingley, have had ample opportunity to form a just estimate in these respects. They should certainly have a better right to pass judgment than those who have never seen her and who blindly endeavor to destroy her by circulating falsehoods gleaned from stray newspaper gossip. Many others might be named, such as Mr. C. Johnston and Mrs. V. Johnston—the latter the niece of H. P. B.'s already referred to—who bear witness to the same effect. But better than any such comparison is the actual living testimony daily afforded by work that endures. To that, hundreds of Theosophists in America, England, Scotland and Ireland can already bear witness

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And now to the further record of the Crusaders' doings. They travelled from London to Bristol on July 8th, holding an E. S. T. meeting there that afternoon, and a public meeting the same evening, with Mr. H. P. Leonard in the chair, which was attended by over two hundred people. At the conclusion of this meeting, at which Mrs. K. A. Tingley, Mrs. Wright, Claude Falls Wright, H. T. Patterson, F. M. Pierce and E. T. Hargrove spoke as usual, the chairman announced that the Crusaders would be glad to meet and talk with members of the audience who might desire further explanations of Theosophy than those afforded by the replies to questions put publicly. The various speakers then left the platform and mingled with those in the body of the hall who remained after the formal adjournment. This practice has since been continued, as it gives an opportunity to all to come into personal contact with the Crusaders, and does much to remove the stiffness that too often pervades such gatherings.

The branch in Bristol has always had a hard struggle to hold its own, but the untiring devotion of its members during many years is certain to

bring its reward, and the very friendly reception of the speakers at the public meeting showed that there are at least one hundred thinking men and women in that city who take a sympathetic interest in Theosophy. Sufficient praise could not be given the local members for the way in which they had worked up the Crusade meeting.

On July 10th, in the afternoon, a large E. S. T. meeting was held at Southport, a city on the west coast of England, not far from Liverpool. A public meeting the same evening, with Mr. J. K. Gardner in the chair, attracted an audience of about two hundred; and from the questions asked it was clear that many present had been deeply impressed by the message of the Crusade. One listener, not then a member of the Society, was instrumental in forming a new branch in Chesterfield within ten days after this meeting. The Southport papers gave long and appreciative reports of the proceedings, and one published a two-column interview with Mrs. Tingley and other members of the party.

From Southport the Crusaders journeyed to Middlesborough in Yorkshire. On this and other railway journeys in England and Ireland they posted a printed notice on the windows of the cars they occupied "Crusade of American Theosophists Around the World." Other travellers would curiously gather round and would gaze with astonishment at one or another Crusader busily employed with a typewriter. Much inquiry followed as to what Theosophy might be, and one country yokel was heard to remark that "them American Theosophists don't waste no time no how, that's sure."

A correspondent writes of the work in Middlesborough as follows: "The visit of the Crusaders revolutionized the work in this town. The local branch had made little progress for some time past, and members were beginning to despair of seeing it become an active power in their neighborhood. But despair fled, and hope—nay, certainty took its place when it was seen how much could be done in so short a time by a few people who simply went right ahead and worked without a thought of possible failure or of anything but the immediate work in hand.

"On Sunday, July 12th, at 3 in the afternoon, an E. S. T. meeting was held at which two new members were admitted. At midnight on the same day, another E. S. T. meeting was held at which six more were admitted. This midnight gathering immediately followed a public meeting which was very well attended, the speeches made by Mrs. Tingley, Messrs. Hargrove, Wright and the other Crusaders being warmly applauded, and every word uttered being listened to with the closest attention. Questions were freely asked and answered at the conclusion of the speeches.

"Apparently not content with their midnight meeting, and the admission of eight new members into the Esoteric School, since their ar-

rival, another E. S. T. meeting was held on the morning of the 13th, and two more members were taken in. The Crusaders then left for South Shields, leaving behind them many close friends in the place of strangers, leaving activity in place of heavy stillness, and hope in place of despair. The good they did cannot be put into words. But we will try to show our gratitude by properly using the force they left us and by making the work in Middlesborough a permanent success."

The Crusaders held a public meeting in South Shields on the evening of their arrival, over two hundred being present. The hall was decorated as usual with the numerous flags presented to them, conspicuous among the rest being the purple banner given by the Boston T. S. with its device, "Truth, Light, Liberation for Discouraged Humanity." The proceedings opened and concluded with music. At this meeting the questions were particularly good. A local clergyman, however, who was inclined to be pugnacious, could not quite rise to the ideal of "many Christs" presented to him in reply to a question on the subject, and when the audience loudly applauded the reply, he hastily stamped out of the hall in token of his disapprobation.

At eleven o'clock that night an E. S. T. meeting was held at which fifteen members were admitted. This was a satisfactory increase, for till then there had been but one member of the school in South Shields.

On July 14th the Crusaders travelled south to Halifax, in Yorkshire, where a public meeting was held in the evening, with from two to three hundred present. A branch of the Theosophical Society in Europe (England) was formed immediately after the meeting and the next morning an E. S. T. Lodge was also formed.

Scotland was entered on the 15th. Proceedings began with a public meeting in Glasgow, attended by about one hundred and fifty people. The holiday season had taken "every one"—except the right people—out of town. The next day, July 16th, saw the founding of the T. S. in Europe (Scotland) eighteen members joining, several of them old students who for various reasons had not previously identified themselves with the Theosophical Society.

The Crusaders immediately proceeded to Edinburgh, and at the kind invitation of a lady member of the Edinburgh Lodge of the Adyar Society, addressed several people that evening at her house. No public work had heretofore been done in this city, the capital of Scotland. The "Scottish Lodge" of the Adyar Society is secret and its exact aims and purposes are not known to the uninitiated. Neither this lodge nor the Edinburgh Lodge of the same Society carry on any public propaganda; nor did the members of these bodies encourage the formation of a branch of the T. S. in Europe. After a parlor talk, however, in the hotel on the evening of the 17th, which was crowded, a branch was

formed on the 18th, and in future there will be a nucleus of people in Edinburgh ready to support the principles of Theosophy before the public.

The Crusaders are not good sight-seers. They seem to feel no attraction for picture galleries and do not spend their evenings at theatres. But they deliberately witnessed a magnificent panorama at half-past four on the morning of the 19th. At midnight they started for King Arthur's Seat, and from that promontory,—overlooking the Castle and city of Edinburgh, overlooking hills and valleys far and near, and the Firth of Forth with its wonderful cantilever bridge, and the ocean, and a vast expanse of purple, silver and orange sky—they saw the old sun rise from behind a mountain of darkness and pour benedictions upon the earth. And they thought it worth the steep climb and the sleepless night and went on their way rejoicing.

Their way led them back to Glasgow, where they were due for another public meeting on the evening of the 19th. It was a great success; over a hundred present and the deepest interest shown. One member of the audience, of quasi-clerical persuasion, demanded five minutes in which to "exterminate the vermin" (the Crusaders), but his request was naturally not granted.

Before leaving Glasgow on the 20th an E. S. T. meeting was held at which ten members were admitted. Reaching Edinburgh again, the Crusaders were met by Mr. Herbert Crooke of Southport, who helped them to work up a large public meeting on the evening of the 21st, attended by some eight hundred people. This meeting certainly aroused immense interest. There was a disorderly element in the audience, consisting of a few university students with both theological and rowdy tendencies. But they did not begin their noise until question time came, and even then they in no way succeeded in disturbing the meeting. By way of protesting against such behavior one member of the audience rose and proposed a vote of thanks to the Crusaders, and throughout the entire proceedings the applause was hearty and continuous. This was the farewell meeting in England and Scotland and it fittingly summarized the work in those countries: intense irritation on the part of a few at the success met with, and approval shown by the large majority.

The Crusade departed for Ireland on the 22d, arriving in Dublin on the morning of the 23d. Preparations for the work there occupied the next two days, and in addition to this over one hundred and fifty letters were written by the Crusaders to fellow-workers in America. An outdoor meeting was held at Bray, a sea-side resort near Dublin, on the afternoon of the 26th.

A wagonette was hired and from it the Crusaders addressed over three hundred people who soon collected at the sight of the Stars and

Stripes floating gayly from the box-seat of the conveyance. Brother George Russell, better known as "Æ," of *Irish Theosophist* fame, gave a fine address on the glories of ancient Ireland and their revival in the near future.

A special mission visited Limerick on the 29th, consisting of Mrs. C. F. Wright and Brothers Wright, Patterson and Pierce. They held a public meeting there, several hundred being present. Much good-humored opposition was met with, and at one stage of the proceedings the chairman, Mr. Gibson, a local Theosophist, had to add to his functions the part of "chucker-out," forcibly ejecting a particularly noisy commentator. The meeting was, nevertheless, a huge success from every account received.

On the afternoon of July 31st a drawing-room talk was given at 3 Upper Ely Place by Brothers Hargrove and Patterson. On the evening of the same day Brothers Neresheimer and Fussell, Drs. Walton and Wood and Mrs. Wood arrived from America and were greeted with whole-hearted delight by both the Crusaders and the Dublin members. The story of the work in Ireland can well be told by Brother Fussell.

On Saturday, August 1st, the day after our arrival in Dublin, a Brotherhood supper was given to about four hundred men and women from the poorest parts of the city. Several newsboys and young girls who had been found begging on the streets were also present and were feasted on an unlimited supply of cake and tea. The short addresses made by the Crusaders and others after supper were listened to with great interest and attention, those by Mrs. Tingley and Mrs. Wright receiving especial applause.

The Convention of the T. S. in Europe was held on August 2d and 3d. An account of this will be found in the *Mirror of the Movement*. On the afternoon of Monday, August 3d, an E. S. T. meeting was held, at which thirteen new members were admitted, and on the evening of the same day a reception was given at 3 Upper Ely Place, the rooms being crowded. Tuesday, August 4th, was occupied mainly by personal talks and discussion of plans of work. In the evening an informal meeting was held to discuss Lotus Circle work. A large meeting of the Dublin Lodge was held on Wednesday, many visitors being present. The Rev. W. Williams read a paper on the Kabbala and addresses were given on general Theosophical topics by some of the delegates and Crusaders. August 5th was also occupied largely by personal talks in regard to the work and in getting off arrears of correspondence.

Brothers Pierce and Herbert Crooke left Dublin for Killarney to arrange the camp so that the rest of the party might find it ready for them on their arrival the following day. Those remaining behind were kept busy with correspondence and personal interviews and at midnight a farewell meeting was held at Maple's Hotel, where the Crusaders were staying. At 3.30 on Thursday, August 6th, the Crusaders, accompanied by the American delegates and others, arrived at Killarney, where a stone was to be found to form part of the foundation stone of the School R. L. M. A. and where other work was to be done. Brothers Dick, Dunlop, Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Dick and others joined the camp later.

The stone was found on the next day and on the 8th a cairn was built on the spot from which it was taken. On Sunday, the 9th, an E. S. T. meeting was held at the camp at 11 A.M. and in the afternoon several talks were given by different members to groups of

people who came to visit the camp. Several sketches of the camp and of the neighborhood were made by our two artist friends, Brothers Machell and Russell.

On the 10th the camp was broken up and the party left for London, arriving there on the 11th. Preparations were made for the tour of the Crusaders on the Continent, and a farewell E. S. T. meeting was held on the evening of the 12th.

It is impossible to adequately describe the work of the Crusaders and the tremendous impetus which is being given to the Theosophical movement in every place they visit. Everywhere the members receive new life and energy, and everywhere is being spread a unifying influence, bringing us nearer to a realization of true brotherhood. And yet it is evident that great as are even now the results of the Crusaders' work the full harvest is still to come and will not be fully seen till our comrades shall have completed their great task in carrying the message of Theosophy around the world. *J. H. Fussell.*

On August 13th, at 11 A. M., the Crusaders left for Paris, Drs. Walton and Wood and Mrs. Wood travelling with them. They were seen off at Holborn Viaduct Station by the contingent from America, Brothers E. A. Neresheimer, J. H. Fussell and Fred Neresheimer, and by many of the London members, Drs. Keightley and Coryn, Sydney Coryn, Basil Crump, Roger Hall, Thomas Green and others, who have done so much to make their work in London the success it has been.

An easy journey brought them to Paris, after a fair crossing of the much dreaded English channel. They were met there by an old Boston member, a friend of H. P. B.'s, whom all were very glad to see—Madame Peterson.

There is to be a public meeting here and an E. S. T. meeting, and between whiles an attempt to get equal with an enormous accumulation of correspondence. Then farewell to France and flying visits to Brussels, Amsterdam and other European cities before reaching that ancient land of wisdom, Egypt.

E. T. H.

PARIS, *August 14, 1896.*

A WEIRD TALE.

PART II.—*Concluded.**

HERE I must draw the veil unwillingly. Let me violate the unities and the frame of this tale by just putting down a few sentences, leaving it to the imagination to draw inferences.

"Those strange delineations of form? Quite easily. They were seen by the seeresses in the temple. It is quite true that elementals have no form as such. . . . But there are undoubtedly types, and [those] Egyptians were not the men to do anything unscientifically. . . . There is an occult reason why, although without form, these particular shapes were assumed. And having been once assumed and seen thus by the seer, they always repeated that form to those persons. So the representative of the astral light or of wisdom or of the recording angel, is yellow in color, very tall, with a long bill like a stork. Or the one who takes the weight of the soul is always seen with a jackal's head. No, there is no prohibition against telling the occult reason. It is merely this: were it told, only one in a thousand hearers would see any meaning or reason in it. . . . Let your mind reflect also upon the peculiarity that all the judges sitting above there have heads alike, while in color they differ, each one having a feather, the emblem of truth, on his head. . . . No, it is not Hindu, and yet it is the same. They used to say, and I think you may find it one of their books, that 'everything is in the Supreme soul, and the Supreme soul in everything.'† So the great truth is one, while it can be seen in a thousand different ways. We [Egyptians] took a certain view and made every symbol consistent and of a class consonant with our view. . . . And just as the Hindus are accused of being idolators because they have represented Krishna with eight arms standing on the great elephant, we, who did not picture an eight-armed divinity, are charged with having worshipped jackals, cats and birds. . . .

"Yes, it is a pity, but the sand that buries Egypt has not been able to smother the great voice of that Sphinx, the *esoteric doctrine*. But not through us except in some such manner as this, now and then. In India the light burns, and in a living people still resides the key ——."

Reprinted from the Theosophist *for December, 1895. Vol. VII, p. 204.* [Note—In the forthcoming issues of THEOSOPHY it is proposed to reprint various articles by W. Q. Judge which appeared during his life time in other magazines, but which were not published in THE PATH.—Ed.]

† *Bhagavad-Gita.*

Just then the bobbing of the picture began again and the same whitish column wavered over it. The faint boom of the airy elementals re-commenced, and again claimed my attention, and then the picture was still.

I may say that the whole of the conversation has not been given. It is not necessary that it should be. My host had maintained perfect silence all the while, and seemed to await my voice, so I said :

"What could have induced you to leave those peaceful places where true progress may be gained?"

"Well," he replied, "very likely they were peaceful, and quite truly progress was possible, but you do not appreciate the dangers also. You have read Zanoni, and perhaps have an exaggerated idea of the horrible Dweller of the Threshold, making of her a real person or thing. But the reality is much worse. When you get into what you have called 'the peaceful places,' this power becomes tenfold stronger than it is found to be on the plane in which we now live in London."

"Why, I supposed that there, free from the cankering anxieties of modern life, the neophyte sailed happily on through plain seas to the shores of the fortunates isles."

"Far from that. On that plane it is found that, although from the spiritual sun there falls upon us the benign influence of those great sages who, entering paranirvana, throw off their accumulated goodness for our benefit, the evil influence that is focussed by the dark side of the moon falls as well, and with its power undiminished. The little temptations and difficulties of your life are as nothing compared to that struggle, for then it is realized that the self is the enemy of the self, as well as its friend."*

"But," said I, "was the fault committed a great one, that it should condemn you to this task?"

"No, not great as you term it. But quite great enough; and in consequence I had to take my choice. In Carácas you saw me as an illusion of a certain character. There I did what was required, the illusion being perfect except as to the eyes. Now you see another illusion, and yet at the same time a reality such as is connoted by that word when used by modern scientists. It is a body that lives and will die. The Karma is hard perhaps, but I grumble not. But is it not an illusion in every sense when you know that although this body speaks and thinks, still I the speaker am not visible to you?"

These words are not mine. If some of them seem meaningless or queer to many readers, do not blame the writer. There are those who can understand. There are yet others who have latent thoughts that need but these words to call them into life. I cannot give any greater

Bhagavad-Gita.

detail than the above as to himself, because he had reasons for preventing me, although he might perhaps himself tell more to another.

One curious thing of interest he said, which will furnish some with food for thought. It was when I referred to the use of the body he had, so to say, *borrowed*, that he said :

"Don't you know that many experiments are possible in that way, and that some students are taught peculiarly? I have stood aside from this earthly tabernacle many a time to let in those who, notwithstanding that they operated the machine well enough and made quite a respectable use of it, did not know what they did. They were, if you like, dreaming. While here, in this body, they were essentially it, for the time, speaking its words, thinking its thoughts, and not able to control it. Not desiring to in fact, because they were completely identified with it. When they waked up in their own apartments either a singular dream whispered a fragmentary song through their brain, or they retained no remembrances whatever of it. In such a case the body, being really master, might do or say that which I would not—or the occupier, temporarily strong, might say out of real recollection things having relation only to that life of which his hearers would have no knowledge."

Just then some clock struck. The atmosphere seemed to clear itself. A strange and yet not unfamiliar perfume floated through the room, and my host said, "Yes, I will show you a verse some one tells me to show you."

He walked over to the table, took up a queer little book printed in Sanscrit, yellow with age and seeming to have been much used. Opening it he read :

"*This supreme Spirit and incorruptible Being, even when it is in the body, neither acteth, nor is it affected, because its nature is without beginning and without quality. As the all-moving Akas, or ether, from the minuteness of its parts, passeth everywhere unaffected, even so the omnipresent spirit remaineth in the body unaffected. As a single sun illumines the whole world, even so doth the spirit enlighten every body. They who, with the eye of wisdom, perceive the body and the spirit to be thus distinct, and that there is a final release from the animal nature, go to the Supreme.*" *

W. Q. J.

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* *Bhagavad-Gita.* Sect. XIII., last verse.

NATURE'S VEILS.

IT is inevitable that in Nature, which is the veil cast by Spirit over itself, there should be many illusions. Just as in outer Nature the sun is the mist dispeller, so when the spiritual Sun pours its radiance upon the Soul of man, out of that soul-substance, primeval and multiform, germ after germ of ancient thought, deeply hidden under the action of the centuries, is evoked, is evolved, is dispelled. Mist-like they arise one by one, unfolding themselves under the eye of the Soul, a processional of dreams. Now a hope, now a dread; now a memory serene and now a doubt infernal; now a resplendent promise has fulfillment, and now a tireless torment fastens its fangs in the heart. The Soul of man, observant of that nature which has been created only for its purposes, stands like a witness receiving testimony, or like the spectator of a drama framed for its edification. This Nature, which is its material vehicle, its instrument for use in material life, it must know to the very depth and breadth thereof; it must probe, comprehend and take control of it all, before it can know itself.

This gradual conquest of matter, or Nature, by the Soul, might be a process as calm as science, as continuous as fate. The sun, its shining unimpeded, would dispel these miasmic forms and the still deeps of space would lie reflecting that Sun. Nature conquered, the Soul in that purified garment, robed whitely in the "blood" sacrifice of Life, rounds her cyclic period and hies her back to Spirit. This purifying "blood," of which the Scriptures tell us, is that red desire which fills full the heart of man, engorging its free and spiritual action, clogging its etherial arteries with germs of desire; desire, whose heat inflames, whose astringent self-hood contracts, whose accumulations fester and destroy. As the human blood has its marvellous play, its swift alterations of form under the microscopic lens, so to the eye of the seer this force of desire blossoms out upon the surface of the mind in form after form, ever changeable, ever varying and elusive, though their stable root is desire. Yet were the witness uninfluenced, the spectator not identified with the spectacle, the lesson were soon learned, the kingdom swift of conquest, the goal secure.

At this point, however, we meet that chief of illusions, that veil of *Maya* nearest *Maya's* self. For there exists in Nature that element of egotism, *Ahankara*, or self-identification, and Nature, casting up this element, identifies herself with the drama and gives a bias for or against the spectacle. The image thus put forward confuses the too attentive Soul. It is as if the moon, reflected upon the waters, were to see that

reflection claim to be herself, and were to lend herself to the cheat. The Soul is bewildered by this action of the element of *Ahankara* in Nature, and accepts this reflected image as the true and only Self.

It may be asked, Why is the Soul thus bewildered? Why does not the Soul remain unconcerned? Perhaps the nearest approach to an answer that can be given is this: That by virtue of the attractive power of Nature, the Soul is drawn down along the lines of force to that form of her own projection and transfers her energies to that seductive image instead of lifting Nature to herself. It is the old tale of Narcissus the beautiful, who fell in love with his own face mirrored in the waters of the world, and lay pining with desire by all the streams, neglecting the missions of the gods. So the Soul plunges more and more of herself into Nature under its attraction and impulsion and suffers her own detention there. She sees the action and reäction of her energies on the material plane and amid their convolutions enjoys the fantastic illusion and dreams. The rightful part of the Soul is to raise matter to its own substance and likeness, and this is done when, feeling the spiritual influx, the Soul guided by that power only, descends into matter as uplifter and redeemer, and not as accomplice. The root of the Soul is Freedom. That Freedom confers a power of choice.

Now the Soul, by virtue of this Freedom, has an instrument which nothing but itself can bend or break. That instrument is the will. Each Soul can defy the attractive power of Nature and all her illusions; the mirage can be dispelled by the will's strong radiance and can defeat the self-identifying element by a constant and unremitting presentation to the mind of the mental image of the one, true Self. The mind resists this; it does not "feel" the truth of this ideal and it rebels. Then those who put their trust in feelings, fail to rise; their self-imposed shackles weigh them down. But those who hold fast to the higher conception regardless of the sense of dullness, the want of feeling, the blank and the silence, or the turmoil of the senses, those come in time to find that the mind has at last turned to a new basis of action whence is liberated a fountain of fresh energy.

A true mental image, endowed with spiritual energy, is a living thing and operates of itself upon submissive and reflective matter. No longer upon the troubled mental waves does the Soul behold a wavering image with a transient life of its own, but in the depths of Nature calmed and stilled she sees her own clear light with the life of the Spirit moving through it, and knowing herself below as above, knowing Nature now as her vehicle and not as her enticer, she evolves that Nature to her own high purposes and to its own highest destiny. And though that Nature falls from her as she re-enters the portals of the Eternal, yet she finds it awaiting her as she re-emerges, her servitor through the evolving ages.

These images before spoken of are veils of *Maya*. And there is one, more deadly than any other. I would fain speak of it in accents of the heart which might penetrate to the core of every comrade heart that feels the beat of mine. That veil is Doubt. It is the darkest thing that ever crawled forth from matter to spread its slime upon the image of the Soul. It paralyses the will. It destroys the spontaneity of the heart. It raises a wall between us and Masters.

What is this Doubt? At its root it is Vanity, *Maya's* self. The very presence of a doubt shows plainly that I am thinking of myself in a purely personal light. It is a perversion of normal Vanity, by which, after thinking of myself as something fine or great, I fall into self-lamentation and tremble before myself when I find that I am small.

Small, weak, a poor failure in his personal nature every man is when he relies on that alone, and he oscillates between vanity and self-doubt like a pendulum wound up by Time. Self-doubt is the subtlest form of vanity because it is the most deceptive. We say that we are free from vanity at least, because we are so humble, so modest, and we fail to see that self-doubt is but another mode of being occupied with one's self, and a mode in which the vainest man does not outdo us. Dwelling in thought upon the true Self is the only corrective and helper.

Doubt of another is the same thing. It also is doubt of the true Self being all. To think of another as being mere lower human nature and no more; to think that here in my fellow being is no saving soul power which might in an instant descend and snatch him away to a spiritual glory before our dazzled eyes; to refuse to recognize in any man or woman that soundless AUM which abides in every atom and is above and around all, this is to cast a poisoned net upon our fellow combatants struggling in the arena of Life, and drag them to the Earth.

Oh, Arjuna! Thou art immortal. Arise! Take the sword of the will in hand, call up thy fellows on the field of battle and fight on, through Nature to over-Nature; through matter, the hydra headed, to Spirit the one. Why doubtest thou the soul of thy fellow-man? Yet to doubt thine own is no less sin. Both mental acts deny the Self. *Thou art That.*

Every hour that strikes upon the face of Time is the outcome of thy Soul's own law. Why, then, doubt any of these hours? Why not accept them all? Call them good or call them evil, they are the Soul's messengers. They bring new gifts; they take back gifts outworn, gifts no longer pertinent to the purposes of thy Soul. Let them come! Let them go! Release, too, that strong desire-grip of thine on sentient life—and, having relaxed that grip, let thyself go also; move freely up and down the whole of Life, accepting it all as thine own will and law. Then seeing but thyself everywhere, thyself and mind shall merge

into that higher Self and doubt shall be no more. "He who sees Ishwara everywhere equally dwelling, he seeth."

In every event of Life there is a moment, brief perhaps as an eye-wink, in which the voice of the Soul is heard. It should be listened for. We hear it speak oftener than we think. When heard we do not always hold fast to it. We suffer mind to arise like a specious pleader presenting its own bias and calling that "the facts of the case." These facts are argued before us, and when we do not accept the bias, as often as not we reach no conclusion and drift upon the current of circumstance, or else the evidence of our senses decides, and we act upon what we call the sound basis of fact and reason, and go sadly hand-in-hand with Nature on the rounds and tasks of slaves. Cast material facts away and bow thyself when the true Judge speaks.

Who art thou, oh Mind, that thou shouldst decide, when thine office is only to report what thou hast seen in matter under the guidance of thy Soul? Unguided thou hast seen, and given in a false, an incomplete report! the faithless servant, the perjured one, is handed to the executioner, cast into the prison of doubt, harried in a mental hell. Why not ask counsel from the deep inner heart in each event? Why not follow that counsel through every surge of doubt and beat of pain? Only by holding fast to this light can we increase its action. Only by going slow when we do not sense it can we assist the re-emergence of that calm monitor. Is it not heard? Then turn to Duty. Plain, simple Duty is an unerring guide. Is thy word pledged? Redeem it at every cost. Has Life placed thee where thou art? Pay the full debt; thou canst never stand upright until it is discharged.

Just so surely as we accustom ourselves to listen to the debate of the mind, that debate will increase. It is based upon false premises, for the vital question is, not what a man shall do, but how shall he do it; his mental attitude is all. Secure an attitude of trust in the Self, and every act alike is offered upon the altar. One of the finest mental acts I ever witnessed was that of a man of business training, a shrewd, keen observer, whose powerful place in life depended upon his ability to grasp and weigh facts. In a moment when spiritual trust was required, that man was found to cast aside his whole mental equipment and to act from a basis of purest faith.

Such strong Souls are to be saluted of all; they are the vitalizing centres of all great movements; they rally their fellows to them from the ends of the world, for when Soul thus calls to Soul the earth is shaken and gives up her living dead; the skies are riven and the gods come down to dwell with men and teach them.

JASPER NIEMAND.

GHOSTS.

THE student of Theosophy is not infrequently asked by the practical nineteenth-century man: "Do you, along with all the rest of this nonsense about reincarnation and the astral light and what not, believe in ghosts?" And when the answer is made in the affirmative, the questioner's lip curls with scorn at the thought that in this enlightened age, in which materialistic science has done so much for us, it is possible for any one to believe in what cannot be confirmed by his five senses. Surely, the practical man thinks, the Theosophist is retrograding in the scale of evolution. He is returning to the superstitious and ignorant conceptions of the middle ages, and needs the pity of the enlightened free-thinker. And the practical man goes on his way rejoicing at his own wisdom, unconscious of his own ignorance as to the meaning and purpose of life and the intricacies of his own nature. He does not dream of the fact that he is a prisoner in the bondage of these same physical senses and thus has no means of becoming free and truly independent. For, unfortunately, in this age in which so much is being continually said about liberty, and in which even the little children assert their rights in a most astonishing manner, a true conception of liberty is held by only a few.

The world to-day is looking at things from a wrong point of view. Everything is upside down: for we have grown to look upon ourselves as *bodies* instead of *souls*, and thus when we consider *rights* we think at once of the rights of the body and the means of gratifying the senses. We forget that the only right which is worthy of a moment's consideration is that of the soul to be free.

And what has this to do with ghosts? Because it is through the attendance of these mocking presences that we forget our duty, that we are led to heed the demands of the Satan of lower self, and to forge the bonds that bring us to repeated incarnations of suffering and pain. For what are ghosts, and to what extent are we influenced by them? Do they exist only in darkly-wooded regions where human feet rarely tread, there to be seen by an occasional benighted traveller; or else haunting spots where some villainy has been perpetrated, remaining in the vicinity that they may remind living beings of the unavenged deed? Such ghosts there are, doubtless; but they are mere shells of departed souls, and are devoid of consciousness or intelligence. They are the disintegrating remains of entities having no further use for them. To such phantoms or shells the beliefs of all ages and peoples bear witness.

But there is another class of ghosts that needs our consideration;

and ghosts of this class are so numerous that, in one guise or another, they are to be found close attendants of all save the Master alone. The greatest danger lies in the fact that their presence is not realized, and we therefore do not protect ourselves as we might from their force and power.

They are the ghosts of evil habits,—they are thought-creations to which we ourselves have given birth and shape, and with which we ourselves have established a magnetic connection. As we yield to thoughts of selfish consideration, or give heed to the so-called "rights" of the personal self—whenever, in fact, we indulge an evil habit, we are giving food and sustenance to an astral entity, a veritable Frankenstein's monster, which may attain to gigantic proportions. And unless he is conquered and exterminated through the aid of the great magician Will, he will subdue us, and will lead us to our own destruction. These ghostly attendants of ours are no less real or terrible because they were created unconsciously or ignorantly on our part It is our business as thinkers to know what powers are ours, what forces are working through us, how intricate is human nature, and then with such knowledge to turn our powers to great and good purposes.

But if, instead of this, we allow ourselves to believe we are helpless, moved hither and thither by fate or the arbitrary power of some external God, we are paving the way to our own destruction.

This world may be likened to a forest-covered mountain side, whose topmost height, bathed in eternal light, is concealed from the traveller, man, who is toiling below in darkness and danger, but longs to reach the summit. In that forest the steps of the wayfarer are constantly intercepted by the dense growth of brush and shrubs; his feet are caught again and again by trailing vines; worse still, there are chasms, across which there appear to be no bridges. The course which the traveller would pursue, as he climbs upward, is infested by wild beasts, the beasts of envy, greed and jealousy, ever ready to devour; but, worse than all, the pathway to that mountain's summit is haunted by grim shapes, the spectres of old habits, which mock the pilgrim and obscure the way of the weak and the weary. They blind the eyes of their victims; they lure them hither and thither, away from the one true path; they taunt and madden them, until, it may be, they are made to believe that it is impossible to reach the summit, when they give themselves up to be strangled by the obsessing devils, the children of their own weakness.

For, mind you, this very forest, with all the dangers it contains, obscuring from us the light of the Divine and the Universal, is the work of man himself, is the result of his own thoughts and of his forgetfulness of his true Self. Once that it is builded and has become the fearful reality it now appears to the pilgrim, how may he escape? How will he be

able to find a way out of the difficulties and dangers with which he has surrounded himself? How shall he free himself from those ghostly presences which are continually pursuing him and leading him on to renewed pain and sorrow? Is it possible, the drunkard asks, to overcome the dread temptations which, despite his resolutions, overwhelm him from time to time and make him forget duty, affection, and honor? Surely he strives with his enemy, and does not succumb without resistance. And he who is afflicted with a violent temper could also testify that again and again he gives way to angry words after the strongest determination on his part to restrain himself and to remain calm under provocation. Notwithstanding such resolves, he yields—and thus the habit which at some future time will lead him to the commission of a violent deed grows in strength, and the bonds of slavery tighten their grasp.

Turning from such extreme cases as these, where the psychic spectres of accumulated weakness in some one direction have attained to such proportions as to make not only the haunted one's life miserable but also the lives of those with whom he is associated,—let us take the life of any one of us and examine one day carefully. Who is there who in that day has not succumbed to the pressure of some fault, some selfish tendency, and thereby made it easier to yield to it in the future? Let us beware of beginnings; let us avoid the first steps in the creation of some Frankenstein's monster which at some distant day, possibly in another incarnation, will overpower us.

Why are these astral monsters allowed existence? How is it that they grow in strength and in their power over us? Why do we permit them to hide from us the One True Light that is undimmed before the Master's eyes? Why do they lure us on to repeated suffering, sometimes to final ruin?

It is fear that lies at the source of these creations of ours,—fear of personal loss and personal discomfort, fear of others' opinions; more than this, fear of our own weakness, fear that we are powerless to conquer faults and resist temptations. It is fear that makes us believe we cannot hold our thoughts in the right direction, that we cannot make a servant of the Satan of matter instead of a master. Fear, then, it is which allows the spectres of past indulgences to taunt and mock and haunt mankind.

It is our imperative duty to root out fear; and in its place Faith shall grow and develop,—not faith in some personal God who by his might shall free us (if he choose) from these presences we ourselves have invoked. Not faith in our selfish personal natures, but faith in that one true, all-wise, all-powerful Self which is the same in all. We must remember that we are Gods, incarnated in matter, it is true, blinded by the reflection without of our limited knowledge, yet able to achieve all

things, conquer all things, rule all things by virtue of the spiritual Will, the assertion of the Self. Let us heed the right of the Supreme to assert itself; let us make offerings to that Supreme of our daily acts and words and thoughts. Let us recognize the greatness within us which is the greatness within all. Then indeed our ghostly attendants will disintegrate and vanish, the forest of doubts will disappear, and we shall gain for ourselves the peace of the Eternal.

M. H. Wade.

IN A SAVAGE COUNTRY.

It was in the heart of a wild country. A tribe, dark-skinned and turbulent, had lived there many years. They knew nothing of the ways of civilization. They had never even heard of people different from themselves.

A traveller, with much trouble, reached them. They were amazed at his appearance. The whiteness of his skin was to them marvellous. His accoutrements seemed uncanny. Perhaps, they thought, he is divine. The flash and report of his rifle convinced them that he was. His use of the camera and some simple electrical apparatus left in their minds no room for doubt. They would have worshipped him; they would have set their chief aside and had him rule in his stead; they would have changed all their laws and customs for him; but he said: "Brothers! sisters! I am but a man as you are, knowing a few things you do not, but otherwise the same. If you will I shall live amongst you and with my knowledge help you."

At this they were glad, though sorry one of the gods had not come amongst them. Then they asked him to lead them against their foes and use his weapons so that they should prevail. But this he said was not what he had come for. Next they wished the rain to be made to fall to help their crops. This he could not do. Afterwards one by one the head men came requesting, now one thing, now another, that they might become more mighty amongst their own. And still he refused to do as they wished.

He told them he could and would help them but that first they must put aside their superstitious ways, their cruelty and bloodthirstiness: then he would help them. This was beyond their comprehension and they drove him away.

Some few, however, had listened to him, had heard of better things. From that time on their counsels were less harsh, their influence more kindly. Later when others visited this land they found the way prepared for better things. Thus the work was not in vain. H. T. P.

ARE WE THREE-DIMENSIONAL BEINGS?

We know by experience that all visible and tangible bodies belong to the third dimension of space, nor is it possible to imagine any other. A mathematical point is an abstract idea, intellectually incomprehensible; because as soon as it becomes comprehensible it ceases to be a merely mathematical point and assumes three dimensions, length, breadth and thickness. A mathematical point has no dimension at all. The first dimension is that represented by a line extending from a centre in two opposite directions, and which may be conceived as motion or as the comprehensible manifestation of a power originating in an incomprehensible point. We can imagine, for instance, a magnet, sending its powers in two opposite directions, toward the positive and negative poles; but the magnet we see is already a sum of an incalculable number of magnets; for it is an aggregate of atoms, each of which has the magnetic qualities represented by the whole. The single atom itself with its magnetic power in a latent state is inconceivable; we can only regard it in the abstract as a centre of unmanifested force and a force which is inactive or unmanifest has no existence for us. A power becomes conceivable only when it begins to act or become manifest and it then acts in two directions, the centripetal and centrifugal, or action and reäction.

The next dimension is represented by a plane, which may be regarded as a combination of lines of motion radiating horizontally from a common centre, but extending neither upwards nor downwards. To the inhabitants of such a plane nothing could be comprehensible except the beings existing in that plane, unless they could rise above or below that level; but in that case they would step out of the two-dimensional plane and become themselves three-dimensional beings. It is hardly necessary to say that such a two-dimensional world if regarded from the three-dimensional point of view is also unimaginable and cannot be correctly represented by figures; for even the thinnest sheet of paper which we may choose to represent such a plane, still has a certain thickness, and all corporeal forms which we can possibly imagine, belong to the third dimension of space.

No sane person will therefore have any doubt that physically and corporeally considered we are three dimensional forms, belonging to the third dimension of space, having length, breadth and thickness. But every occultist also knows that our physical bodies are not our real selves. The real self of a person rests in his or her own real self-con-

sciousness, and this may be either an unmanifested "mathematical point," identical with spiritual unconsciousness, or it may be a line, represented by vague aspirations and longings for the unknown, or a plane on which its inhabitants are unconscious of everything that exists beyond or below the level of everyday life, while in others their inner consciousness may have assumed the three dimensional aspects, so that they may look down, as it were, from the apex of a pyramid upon their own "selves" and the world of lives and forms below. Thus we may physically and corporeally *appear* as three dimensional beings inhabiting a three dimensional world and still in reality and spiritually *be* only two dimensional, and consequently undeveloped and imperfect beings; because perfection in the spiritual as well as in the physical realm requires the completion of the mystic triangle, in which the knower, the thing known and the knowledge are one.

To a superficial thinker all this may appear as a useless metaphysical speculation; but to an earnest seeker for truth the importance of its practical application will at once be plain. So long as we live and move and have our being only at the base of the great pyramid of knowledge, we only see the relations between the things existing there and know nothing about the great cause that moves them all; for the whole world may be compared to a great pyramid, from whose apex shines the light that gives life to everything below, and the forms which wriggle at the bottom are only the shadows produced by the reflection of that eternal light within the transient forms of matter. Wisdom, the recognition of eternal truth is the apex of the great triangle (*Sattwa Guna*), the basis is ignorance (*Tamas Guna*), and the sides are desire (*Rajas Guna*). Without the light of the true understanding from above, everything below remains in darkness or appears in the false light created by the illusions themselves and their desires. Where the true light is absent, nothing but confusion abounds.

Why is there so much confusion and misconception in regard to religious and theosophical doctrines, except for the reason that they are not read in the light of the true understanding which cannot be learned from books, but which comes from above? Of the thousands of examples which present themselves for illustration, we will only choose one.

The Bible teaches that for the sake of finding our own salvation we must leave father and mother, wife, son and daughter, and everything and follow the Christ. Now those living in darkness within the base of the pyramid, being, for want of power to recognize the truth, incapable of realizing the true nature of Christ, see in Christ only one of the many objects existing on their own level; the higher realm having no existence for them. Driven on by their own selfish desire of obtaining

something better than they have, they may be credulous and greedy enough to begin to hate their friends and relatives and all mankind, give up unwillingly their external possessions and join some religious order in which they live a miserable and melancholy life in hopes of obtaining some great reward in the problematical hereafter. They become ascetics and fools, dissatisfied with themselves and with everybody, shrunk within the hard shell of their narrowmindedness and selfishness, bigots from whom the last spark of love has departed and only an affection for a chimera remains.

But those who are enabled by the light of the interior perception of truth to understand the meaning of this doctrine, which is a mystery to those who live in the dark, know that the Christ is not one man among many; but that he is himself the light, the life and the truth. They know that to attain the Christ-state, which represents *divine* and therefore universal love, we must ourselves grow and unfold in that kind of love; that far from hating or treating with contempt or indifference any being whatsoever, we must learn to love all beings, so that our love may not only embrace father and mother, wife and child and all creatures, but grow beyond it into that "third dimension of eternal space," where our self-consciousness is no longer bound to and limited by a corporeal form. Then will the Christ no longer appear as an enemy of that which we love, but as including all that and still reaching far beyond, and then, instead of being imprisoned in this world as in a dungeon and regarding it as a place of misery from which there is no escape, we shall be able to participate in its joys and sorrows and still live above it in inexpressible happiness and harmony.

The above may seem to be an extreme case, and there may not be many nowadays inclined to bury themselves in a monastery or become intolerant ascetics, or commit similar eccentricities; but there is not a doctrine in the Bible nor in the teachings of Theosophy which may not be misinterpreted or misunderstood in a similar manner as illustrated above; for those possessed by *Tamas* will interpret everything according to their own ignorance, those filled with *Rajas* will see all things in the light of their own desire, and only to the wise will the light of truth itself reveal the truth.

FRANZ HARTMANN.

THE LONELY SENTINEL.

ONCE upon a time an army was sent into the field. Far away from any city was its encampment, in the midst of a rolling country, surrounded by high and partly wooded hills. The army was commanded by a general greatly beloved by all the troops, who were always eager to go into service under him.

Some distance from the camp itself, with its long rows of tents, its busy camp-fires, its picketed horses, and its glittering cannon, its noise and bustle of incessant movement, was posted, upon a high point commanding quite an extent of country, a solitary sentinel. He had but to pace up and down his allotted beat, and to demand the password from any who should approach, meantime watching lest anything that threatened danger should be descried upon the long white dusty road that stretched so far into the distance.

There he paced, solitary and silent, hour after hour, and day after day. The sentinels relieved each other only at long intervals, and their tents were apart from the main camp, so that of what went on there even in his hours of rest the sentinel knew but little. From his lofty perch he could see the busy aides-de-camp coming and going, with orders from the commander-in-chief, he could see the forage wagons driving in with their load of provisions, and the mess-cooks stirring up the fires and preparing the soldiers' meals. Once in a while he could descry the figure of the beloved general, as he moved from one part of the camp to another on a tour of inspection, or as he rode towards the city, surrounded by his officers. In the camp, all was busy, active life, each man seemed to have his own special work, and to do it in consort with his fellows, and the lonely sentinel who gazed down upon them almost fancied he could hear the merry jests that passed from man to man, or the hot discussions on some point of military interest.

But on the hillside, where he paced back and forth, there was a deadly stillness, broken by no human voice. Only the grasshoppers chirred in the short grass, and the birds sang in the woods above, no one came near him, no friend toiled up the hill to talk with him, no enemy approached for him to challenge, and hour after hour, and day after day passed in the same leaden quiet.

At last the lonely sentinel began to murmur, and to say to himself, "Not for this inactive life did I enlist, but for a soldier's duty with my fellow-soldiers; to follow our general into the fight, to storm a fortification, or to capture a battery, not to rot in inglorious ease on the sunny

side of a hill. There is nothing here that I can do for my general or my country, this is mere idleness, and I am the most useless member of a useless expedition. Oh, that for once I might go down into the field, and meet the enemy face to face and man to man! No one cares whether I live or die, and as I can do nothing to win fame and honor like my fellows down below there, I had much better die."

But while the lonely sentinel was thus murmuring, the general suddenly rode up softly behind him across the yielding grass, and the startled soldier wheeled quickly with a shamefaced expression, and saluted. The general looked down upon him, as he sat in the saddle, somewhat sadly and held out to him a little red book.

"These are the orders," said the general. "Open the book and read what you see there." The sentinel took the book reverently, for he knew that it came from the commander-in-chief; and his heart leaped within him, as he thought, "Now I shall surely have something given me to do, something that will call out all my powers, and give me a chance to show of what I am made."

He opened the book as he was bidden, and his eyes rested on these words: *It is better to do one's own duty, eren though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well.* As he read them his head sank upon his breast, and a flush rose to his cheek, as he felt the keen, quiet gaze of the general resting upon him.

"Open the book and read again," said the general. The sentinel obeyed and read: *For those who, thinking of me as identical with all, constantly worship me, I bear the burden of the responsibility of their happiness.*

"Art thou satisfied?" asked the general, with a smile, as he took the little book and turned away, and the sentinel answered, as well as his shame would allow: "I am satisfied."

And although he was once more alone, and none of his fellows came near him, and the birds and insects sang on as before, and he had nothing to do save to pace up and down his accustomed path, yet the whole world seemed transfigured in his eyes, his egotism fell from him like a garment and in the depths of his soul resounded evermore the words of that poet made forever lonely by his blindness: *They also serve who only stand and wait.*

KATHARINE HILLARD.

OCCULTISM IN THE UPANISHADS.

I.

"THE true desires are overlaid with false; though true, there is a false covering-up of them. For if any one belonging to him is gone, he, while still in the world, cannot reach him to behold him. And those belonging to him who are alive, and those who are gone, and anything else he desires, yet cannot reach, entering there he finds them, for in this world these his true desires are overlaid with false.

"Just as those who know not its place may again and again walk over a hidden treasure of gold and not know it, so these beings, going day by day to the world of the Eternal, know it not, for they are held back by the false."—*Chhandogya Upanishad*, VIII, 3, 1.

Here is a matter that has come home to us all quite recently: "One belonging to us, a friend, a brother, well-loved, is gone," and we are face to face with the old question of death. The answer to the question in the Upanishad is plain enough. We cannot reach our dead friend to behold him, because this true desire of ours is overlaid and covered up with false desires, so that we are like people walking over a hidden treasure of gold, and not seeing it, because it is overlaid with earth.

The heart of the whole matter is here; we cannot enter real life, being already in it we cannot profit by real life, because our souls are so thickly overlaid with false desires that they thwart and blind us to what is very close to us. If we rise for a moment above them, gain a moment's vision of the light of life, we can see the cloud of false desires below us, murky, copper-hued, forbidding. It is what we are pleased to call our personal concerns, our personal well-being; and when we sink down again from the vision of light, we shall be so blinded by these clouds that we shall believe in nothing else in the universe but them, and begin to justify our love of them to ourselves and everybody else.

Perhaps the keen intent of self-justification will hold our eyes long enough on these clouds for us to see what they are really like. We shall have the entertainment of seeing that what we call our personal well-being, and, even more, what we all supremely long for, the complacency of our personalities, is a bitter and acrid business at best, and not the quite successful festivity in our honour that we should like it to be. Here is the desire of man: to play the king of some fairy tale, not so much

flattered as rightfully honoured for the supreme virtues and graces, of body, mind and estate, which he cannot but feel that he possesses, though modestly keeping them in the background of his mind; to receive, not the meaningless adulation, but rather the quite merited applause and appreciation of our good admirers, vassals and courtiers; to have all things go our way, and to feel that our way is supremely well; and to have such delight of sense as we feel is good for every one, for us especially.

See these worthy people all round us trying to grow rich. What motive have they? They cannot, without danger to their comfort, eat more than before, or enjoy more purely physical pleasure than the beggar by the roadside. Their motive is not physical pleasure at all, but the haunting desire to be that king in the fairy-tale. As soon as they get even a little rich, you see the fancy coming out; they want beautiful things, graceful things, things of art and culture, things fit for a prince. Not, indeed, because they find joy in their beauty; for joy in beauty can be exquisitely gratified without lust of possession; there is no tax on rainbows or sunset clouds. Joy in beauty is a true desire, overlaid by the false desire of being admired and looked up to, as the possessor of a beautiful thing; as, even to a little degree, the king in the fairy-tale.

In speaking of this as the desire of man, we do not mean to inculpate only one-half of humanity, or to pretend that the fancy of playing fairy-tale queen is any less universal. It is wonderful what large doses of vanity go to make the wine of love-making; how big a part the desire of queening it plays in all these pretty dramas of our Arcadian shepherdesses.

A charming play of children would our human life be, were these fairy-tale fancies all of it; but unhappily there is the bitterness and the meanness which we import into the realization of our fancies. It is instructive, not edifying, to watch the mists and dark clouds of resentment that steam up from the marshes of our minds, the moment we begin to feel that the other people are not falling in with our fairy-tale fancy, but are altogether hard-hearted towards our self-admitted merits; it takes a fairly advanced sage to endure being laughed at with equanimity; it takes an adept to really enjoy being ignored.

The play of these vanities of ours is incredibly large; they make up nearly the whole of life in this world of ours; they make the whole atmosphere of life, often lurid and stormy, hiding the mountains and the stars. When our hearts are stripped of vanities, they are bare, indeed.

These and the like are the false desires that overlay our souls and make the whole coloring of our lives, clustering thick round us like discolored, smothering clouds which shut out the real world, and in time persuade us that they themselves are the real world. In lighter moods we

are tempted to say that life is a mere farce, a comedy of puppets; in darker hours we call it "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The clouds of false desires dazzle us into levity and futility, till merciful life overtakes us with some event of stunning and piercing reality, which raises and drives us out of ourselves, and lets us look on the cloud-wreaths of life a little apart, as though viewing not our own life but the life of another. Then we begin to understand what futility is, and what reality. And it is well for us if we can hold to our vision, and bring it back with us to clear away our clouds a little, so that we may see the sunshine. But again and again we shall miss the point of it all, and misname this touch of reality a touch of suffering and sorrow, deeply bewailing the sadness of our lives, and wondering that we could ever have taken interest in the pretty clouds that delighted us before sorrow came. But in truth our sorrow and suffering are as much of cloudland as our pretty vanities were, or even more.

We moan over separation from our friends, whether they are out of reach in this world or passed out of this world altogether. But the truth is, there is no separation. We are immediately together, but I am so busy with my cloudland pictures that I never raise my eyes to see my friend who is quite close to me, whether I speak of him as dead or living. I rise for a while above that thick, whirling globe of clouds that I call my personality, and I see clearly my friend who is gone, and much more that "belongs to me." Yet it is wonderful how many times, after I have quite clearly recognized the futility and vanity of my cloudland, and quite clearly and in set terms stated as much to myself, it is wonderful how many times I shall still be taken in by it; shall take my vanity and its futility seriously. Then I shall begin to lose sight and memory of my vision, and here again it is wonderful how completely the process can go. So that, even though day by day entering the world of the Eternal, even though day by day dwelling in real life, we see and know no more of it than the people in the simile, of the treasure of gold buried under their feet. The strong affirmations of faith and knowledge are rifts in the clouds that blind us; the petty reasonings that try to smother up our faith are the clouds coming back again into our eyes. Vanity and doubt are the falsest of all the false desires that overlay the true; but they play each other's game. Vanity tells Doubt that to doubt is wise and prudent; Doubt tells Vanity that the cloud-world of its hopes is the only world, and that there is no other to strive for. Thus are our souls blinded, and thus grows the sad comedy of human life.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

B. R. D.—In a newspaper cutting from England I see that a prominent official of the T. S. in A. has expressed himself on a political question in a way with which I absolutely disagree. As a member of the Society and as one who is trying to be a Theosophist, I should like to know what course I should follow under these circumstances.

ANS.—A brief reply to this question would perhaps be sufficient: go on with your work and do not bother about the matter, one way or the other. The T.S. in America is too strong to be compromised by any or all of its officers. The work of its individual members is what counts in the long run.

A vital principle is, however, involved in this apparently innocent question. It could be pointed out that (a) no newspaper report should be blindly accepted, (b) no officer of the T. S. in A. would be likely to commit himself on matters political; it could be added (c) that no officer has done so or proposes to do so. But the principle strikes deeper. It is the same principle as that for which W. Q. Judge fought and on behalf of which he won so great a victory. He fought for the freedom of our platform, claiming that every member of the Society, from the newest to the oldest, and from the most inactive to the most prominent and possibly hard-working officials, had an equal right to express any opinion on any subject, so long as that opinion was not opposed to universal Brotherhood and was expressed tolerantly. He constantly expressed a belief in the elder Brothers of the race and in the wisdom of H. P. Blavatsky, speaking as a member and not as an officer, and in no way compromised the Society which he so honorably represented. Other members were free to agree or disagree with him as they chose.

On the same principle it would be perfectly legitimate for an officer of the Society to avow himself an Anarchist, Socialist, Democrat or Republican, so long as he did not attempt to involve the Society in such beliefs. He could label himself to any extent, as Christian or Buddhist, anti-vivisector, Second Adventist and so forth, always on the understanding that in these capacities he was acting unofficially and as a private member.

The remedy would be to vote for some one else when his term of office expired, if in your opinion his "label" interfered with the performance of his official duties; and in the meantime to go on serenely and energetically spreading an understanding of true Theosophy.

E. T. H.

P. W. S.—I have been asked to write an article for a Theosophical magazine. Can you give me any assistance or advice as to how I should proceed?

ANS.—You will have to adapt yourself to the magazine to which you have been asked to contribute. Some require longer articles than others. But generally speaking *brevity* should be your first aim. Select some subject that naturally interests you; look up references to it in our literture and in any other books within your reach until your mind becomes thoroughly familiar with the different aspects of the matter.

Having done this, lay aside all your books and meditate on the ideas brought out by your reading, comparing them with those you originally entertained. Then without further reference to books proceed to write your article. Before sending it in, cut out every unnecessary paragraph, sentence and word, and remember that unless you want the editor to re-write it for you, your "copy" should be fit to pass directly into the hands of the printer—that is to say it should be properly paragraphed, punctuated and so forth.

Avoid long quotations, especially those that are well known; avoid foreign terms, repetition and all conclusions not independently arrived at by yourself. Try to be clear, concise and helpful to at least some one person. You should then write a good article.

E. T. H.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE THEOSOPHIC ISIS for July is almost wholly devoted to accounts of the Crusaders, opening with an editorial under that heading, and followed in order by "The American Crusade," which is the description of the voyage, and its meetings and speeches, and "Brotherhood Supper in the East End," the first public meeting in London. "The Light of a New Day" deals with the "new force" now let free, bidding us aid the Crusade, and adding that "the signals of the new cycle are the Crusade and the School for the Revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity." An account of the "Great Crusade Meeting at Queen's Hall, Friday, July 3, 1896," completes the number, save a few notes.—[G.]

THE LAMP for July. The editorial, "If I had a Million," counts the wealth of all kinds, thought, time, etc., and bids us give of all, waiting not till we have something great and wonderful. "Five Minutes on Concentration" elaborates the idea of a wheel suggested in a former paper. There is an admirable article on public speaking, and the comments on David in the International S. S. Lessions are very wholesome.—[G.]

THE THEOSOPHIST for July recounts one of the endless rows with missionaries, describes some extensive lecture tours, tells of a clever lesson given to some Brahmins about the stupidity of their caste prejudices and, regrettably, the old scandal about the Master's seal is rehashed. The Indian contingent is strongly represented this month which makes dry reading for any but the student of comparative religions.—[G.]

LUCIFER for July, ridicules the numerous mediums claiming to be in communication with H. P. B., and remarks with perfect truth that H. P. B. "does not need the aid of any 'medium' in order to communicate with her friends." The editor of *Lucifer*, who asserted not long after H. P. B.'s death that she had already reincarnated, and later declared she had not, now announces with equal assurance that she will in due course "return to us as a modern Indian." Mr. Sinnett announces that by means of the electric furnace, the chemists are in a fair way to "manufacture protoplasm," "generate life," and so become even as the Elohim. Such a discovery would be undesirable, for already there are too many people in the world who appear to have been manufactured, not born. From some place has been disinterred an article by H. P. B. on "Buddhism, Chris-

tianity, and Phallicism." It is simply a review of an unsavory book by Hargrave Jennings, and the printing of it now is neither timely nor of any value, as the object of phallicism has no place in contemporaneous thought. We further regret to see that *Lucifer* devotes nearly three pages to reviewing two book on French "Satanism."

Of the original contributions the only one that is thoroughly wholesome is an article by Mr. O. S. Cuffe on "Sûfism." Although it consists almost entirely of quotations from Sûîf writings, yet these have been selected with rare discrimination, and present a delightful combination of practical ethics and exalted mysticism. Alexander Fullerton, in "The Spirit of the Age," enters a plea for a personal God, rejects magic, and denounces oriental literature for its "fantasy and childish fable," "triviality and nonsense," and "unintelligible babble." He regrets that the Masters communicate through "channels which are not inerrant"; and, lamenting because they have no "infallible conduit," discards all that is of greatest value in their teachings, and puts forward instead his own notions. Mrs. Ivy Hooper writes vaguely about "The Helping of the People." Mr. Mead perseveres in his attempt to reduce the later Platonists to the level of commonplace humanity. Mr. Bertram Keightley, in "Animal Reincarnation," carves out "blocks of essence" from the Logos, and manufactures souls and "true human individualities"—a whole hierarchy of blockheads. He tells his readers that the "blocks of evolving essence" which ensoul "individual dog-bodies" are very small, "a single block, say, ensouling some ten or twenty terriers." After the same fashion Mr. Leadbeater constructs many jerry-built mansions in the Father's house, plastering them thickly with "devachanic elemental essence," and Mrs. Besant arranges a number of quotations under the title "The Unity Underlying All Religions."—[P.]

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST for July opens with "Key Notes," by D. N. D., in which is a most interesting sketch of the work of Mrs. Tingley among the children of the poor. C. J. contributes "Thyself and Thy King," in which he tells of the true renunciation, the obliteration of the personal self, not for the sake of other personal selves, but that its place may be taken by the universal self. "It would be comic," he says, "were not we ourselves so implicated in it to watch the startled apprehension of the personal self, the lower man, when it first dawns on his mind that a speedy disappearance is what is most expected of him." The whole article is admirably written. "The Dream of the Children," a poem by Æ., is chosen as the subject for the usual illustration which we are glad to see is, in this number, reduced to a half page. Mr. Dunlop makes every other page of his paper so valuable that we have always grudged the space given to these illustrations. There is a fine paper on Steadiness signed A., followed by one entitled Synthesis, by Omar. V. J. gives a rendering, in verse, of one of Ivan Keiloff's fables, entitled "The Eagle and the Hens." In "The Crusade" F. J. D. gives an account of the Liverpool meetings. An article on "Hearts and Hands," together with several on the Mysteries complete the number.—[M.]

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT PAPER for August. The passages on the Mysteries of Sound are completed in this number and Mr. Johnston announces that we shall now have an opportunity of going on to something more satisfactory and tangible. The opening paper is entitled "The Prince and the Woodman," and is a translation from the Sankhya aphorisms. "Finding the Real Self" and the "Power of Mind Images" complete a very interesting number.—[M.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for August contains, beside the usual "Questions and Answers," "Subjects for Discussion," etc., news of the Crusaders from the time of their leaving New York to the brotherhood supper in London. In reply to a question relating to Karma and the recent disaster at St. Louis, is reprinted the answer which Mr. Judge made to a similar question at the time of the Johnstown disaster.—[M.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL NEWS continues to satisfactorily fill the rapidly growing demand for a weekly medium of Theosophic information. The last four numbers contain much news of the Crusaders, reprint English newspaper accounts, and also keep the reader in touch with the movement throughout America.—[G.]

THE PERIODICALS for July contain the following articles of interest to Theosophists; the *Quarterly Review*, A "Review of the Philosophy of Belief, or Law in Christian Theology," by the Duke of Argyle; the *Fornightly Review*, "Coincidences." by Max Müller; the *Arena*, "The Imperial Power in the Realm of Truth," by Buchanan, and "Theosophy and H. P. Blavatzsky"; the *Metaphysical Magazine*, "Karma in the Bhagavad Gita," by Charles Johnston, and the "Subtle Body," by Day; and the *Pall Mall Magazine*, "Luminous Plants."—[M. H. P.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE H. P B. BRANCH T. S. in A. continues its weekly meetings on Fridays, and lectures on Sundays. On July 5th, Mr. A. L. Conger, Jr., of Boston, lectured on "Theosophy in History." July 12th, Mr. J. H. Fussell spoke on "The Search for Truth." The Sundays since have been taken up by Mr. Burcham Harding, who has lectured on "Modern social problems in the light of Theosophy."

WILKINSBURG T. S. (Penn.) holds a question meeting every Monday evening at 407 Swissvale Avenue. Organized less than a year ago the Branch now has eleven active members and is doing good work. It expects in October to engage a hall more centrally located and hold three meetings a week. A "Purple Pot Pourri" for the benefit of the Crusade, was held on August 2d, and was most successful in every respect.

PHILADELPHIA. Krishna T. S. is keeping up one meeting a month during the summer. A "Camden Club for Theosophic Research" has been formed, and meets Sunday evening at the house of Mrs. Nan Valin, 227 Market Street, Camden. At present the club is studying the *Ocean of Theosophy*. They are very glad to have visiting members attend.

NEW ORLEANS BRANCH is about to move into new quarters, larger and better in every way. New members have come in and the prospect for the coming year is very hopeful.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SUB-COMMITTEE for Theosophical work is endeavoring to make itself as useful as possible. During the past month, besides the regular Sunday morning lectures at headquarters in Los Angeles, by H. A. Gibson, and regular Sunday evening lectures by various members of the Los Angeles Branch, the Committee has sent out lecturers to Pasadena and to seven other places in this vicinity. The attendance has been good at all these lectures, and the interest marked.

SAN FRANCISCO T. S. work is booming here in the way of interest, though membership is not advancing. Dr. Anderson read us several letters from Crusaders at one of the meetings, which were heard with great interest. The largest attendance we have yet had at Branch meetings is sixty-five and last Sunday we reached high-water mark in attendance at the public lecture, there being three hundred and thirty present.

A new child's magazine has been started called *Child-Life*, the initial number of which, containing an article by Mrs. Tingley, promises to be of great interest. It is hoped that as many as possible will send in their subscriptions (50 cents, for America) to Mrs. E. M. Hyatt, 147 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death by drowning of Mr. A. H. Pyle, a member of the San Francisco T. S. and an active worker, during several years past, for Theosophy.

FROM CEYLON.

We have received report of the continued good work being done by the Girls' School and Orphanage at Colombo, Ceylon, in educating the native children under the care of Mrs. Higgins. The trustees of the school are desirous of enlarging the school and ask for help from their friends to enable them to do this and to carry on the work of the institution.

THE CONVENTION OF THE T. S. IN EUROPE.

The Convention of the T. S. in Europe was the largest European convention ever held as well as the most successful. The same spirit and harmonious action which characterized the American Convention in New York last April was also shown in Dublin on August 2d and 3d. The Crusaders had arranged their tour so as to be present in Dublin at this time, and there were also six other delegates and visitors from America, E. A. Neresheimer, Dr. A. Walton, J. H. Fussell and Fred Neresheimer from New York, and Dr. L. F. Wood and Mrs. Wood from Westerly, R. I. Five delegates were present from Scandinavia, E. Bogren, T. Hedlund, Mrs. Hedlund, W. Harngvist and Mrs. Harngvist. Mme. de Neufville and two other delegates attended from Holland. A very large contingent of delegates and friends came over from England and Mrs. Mackey and Mr. and Mrs. Dowell came as delegates from the newly formed Scottish Division of the T. S. in Europe.

There were over two hundred delegates and friends present when Fred J. Dick, who

had been elected temporary chairman, called the meeting to order. D. N. Dunlop was then elected permanent chairman, and in his opening address he struck the keynote which prevailed all through the Convention. He said, in effect, that the keynote of last year's Convention, the first of the T. S. in E., was autonomy, that the action of that Convention in declaring its autonomy was then absolutely necessary, but that it must never be forgotten that although the grand divisions of the T. S. throughout the world such as America, Australasia and Europe were autonomous and self-governing, yet they were bound together in the closest bonds of brotherhood and in unity of purpose and effort. He hoped, therefore, that the keynote of this Convention would be unity and that their proceedings might be such as to contribute towards the harmony and unity of the whole Theosophical movement.

The Crusaders and foreign delegates were then invited to take their seats on the platform. E. T. Hargrove and C. F. Wright spoke on behalf of the Crusaders, and E. A. Neresheimer as one of the special delegates from America. E. Bogren read a letter of greeting from Scandinavia and Mme. de Neufville read the greetings from Holland. Letters were also read from Berlin and from Dr. Franz Hartmann, the latter being read by Mr. Charles Johnston, and telegrams received from Berlin, New York and Sweden. The reports from the societies in England, Holland and Ireland were read by Dr. A. Keightley, Mme. de Neufville, and Fred J. Dick respectively. These all showed increased activity in the work, and that in England and especially in Holland there had been a large increase in membership. E. T. Hargrove read a letter of greeting from the T. S. A. to the Convention. An account of the Work of the Crusade was then given by Mrs. C. F. Wright and H. T. Patterson, and Mrs. J. C. Keightley and Miss Hargrove gave an account of their visit to Sweden. The Convention then adjourned till the afternoon.

At the afternoon session the reports of the various committees were received. In the report of the Committee on Amendments it was proposed that the office of Corresponding Secretary formerly held by H. P. Blavatsky be revived, and that Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley be elected to this office for life, "anything in the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding." This proposal was carried with acclamation. The resolution in regard to W. Q. Judge was passed by a standing vote. Then came a very important and interesting proposal to appoint an International Committee to aid in furthering the objects of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world. This idea was received most enthusiastically and representatives for the T. S. in Europe were therefore appointed to serve on such committee. These representatives were chosen from all the Societies in Europe, in America, and in Australasia. It is hoped that the American and Australasian Societies will endorse this action of the European Convention, and so bring all the Societies into closer touch with each other.

The enthusiasm of the Convention had been evident all along but when E. T. Hargrove was elected President of the T. S. in Europe, every one was up, cheering and clapping and waving handkerchiefs. Mr. Hargrove was out of the room at the time but was immediately brought in, carried, chair and all, shoulder high, by enthusiastic delegates. E. A. Neresheimer, when elected Vice-President, had to undergo a similar ordeal and be carried around the room. Herbert Crooke, of Southport, a most devoted and indefatigable worker in England was elected Deputy Vice-President. The Rev. W. Williams, of Bradford, and Mrs. A. L. Cleather, of London, both of whom will accompany the Crusaders, were appointed European Delegates on the Crusade. The public meeting in the evening in Antient Hall, was a very great success. The hall was packed, over 1,500 people being present, and several hundreds being turned away for lack of room.

At the public meeting and also at the Convention meetings several selections of music were beautifully rendered and added much to the pleasure and harmony of the Convention. All the proceedings of the Convention were most enthusiastic and harmonious and the practical character of the work of the Society and the responsible position which it is taking before the world are quite in accord with its attainment of majority and the beginning of the new cycle. It has become evident to the world that the T. S. E. and T. S. A. although autonomous bodies, each with its own organization are yet one in heart and in devotion to the cause of Brotherhood.

Time is the judge of men, things and movements. Time is very sure. Therefore work on in peace, knowing that he who draws his only strength from opposition is doomed to perish, while he whose inspiration wells up within himself can never be destroyed.—*Book of Items.*

ÔM.

LIST OF THEOSOPHICAL AND KINDRED WORKS

Which may be obtained (post-paid) from THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., 144 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Adventure among the Rosicrucians, paper, 50c; cloth	$ .75
Animal Magnetism (Binet and Féré)	1.50
Astral Intoxication, etc	.05
Astral Light (Nizida)	.75
Atlantis (Donnelly)	2.00
Atlantis, the Story of (Scott-Elliott)	1.25
Bhagavad-Gitâ (Judge) red leather, 75c; morocco	1.00
Bhagavad-Gitâ (Mohini's translation and notes)	2.00
Bœhme, Jacob, Life and Doctrines of	2.50
Buddha, Life of (Lillie)	2.25
Buddha, Life of the (Rockhill)	3.00
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Buddhist Catechism (Olcott)	.40
Building of the Kosmos (Besant)	.75
Buried Alive (Hartmann) cloth	.75
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Clothed with the Sun, paper, 50; cloth	1.25
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Elixir of Life (By a Chela) paper	.15
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Esoteric Basis of Christianity, part 1	.10
" " " " part 2	.10
" " " " cloth	1.25
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Five Years of Theosophy cloth	3.25
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Gems from the East (Blavatsky)	1.00
Golden Stairs, Tales from the Wonder-World (Waite)	.75
Guide to Theosophy (printed in India)	1.50
Hints on Esoteric Theosophy and Idyll of White Lotus, paper, 50c; cloth	1.25
Idea of Re-Birth (Arundale)	1.25
Imitation of Buddha, The	1 00
Incidents in Life of Mme. Blavatsky	3.00
Indianapolis Letters on Theosophy	.10
In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom (Hartmann)	2.00
In Defense of Theosophy (Besant)	.08
Isis Unveiled (Blavatsky)	7.50
Jehoshua, Life of (Hartmann)	1.50
Kabbalah Unveiled (Mather)	3.00
Karma (Sinnett) cloth	.75
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Letters That Have Helped Me	.50
Light of Asia, paper, 25c; cloth	1.00
Light on the Path (M. C.) with comments from *Lucifer*, pocket edition, cloth	.40
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Man: Fragments of forgotten History	1.25
Memorial Articles on H. P. Blavatsky	.35
Modern Theosophy, (Wright) paper, 50c; cloth	1.00
My Books (H. P. B)	$ .05
Mystic Quest (Kingsland)	1.00
Nature and Aim of Theosophy (Buck)	.75
Nature's Finer Forces (Rama Prasad)	1.50
Neila Sen paper, 50c; cloth	1.25
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Occult Science in Medicine (Hartmann)	1.25
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Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms (Am. ed.) red leather, 75c; morocco	1.00
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Perfect Way in Diet (Kingsford)	.75
Philosophy of Mysticism 2 vols.	7.50
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Reincarnation, (Anderson) paper, 50c; cloth	1.00
Reincarnation (Besant)	.35
Reminiscences of H.P.B. and the *Secret Doctrine* (Countess Wachtmeister) paper	.50
Rosicrucians, History of the (Waite)	2.50
Rough Outline of Theosophy (Besant)	.10
Sankhya Kârika (with commentary)	1.25
Secret Doctrine (Blavatsky)	12.50
Secret of Death (Edwin Arnold)	1.00
Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians	6.00
Seven Principles of Man (Besant)	.35
Septenary Man (Anderson) paper, 50c; cloth	1.00
Simon Magus paper, 1.75; cloth	2.25
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